

THE HAWAIIAN GAZETTE  
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BY HENRY M. WHITNEY,  
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OFFICE.—In the new Post Office Building  
Merchant Street, Honolulu, H. I.

(Written for the Gazette.)  
Lines Suggested by the Funeral of  
the late Major E. H. Boyd.

The last march sounds the solemn dirge,  
With its solemn gravity and stern.  
On ev'ning air;

The last and tribute to the dead is paid,  
The last and quiet end of duty said,

With final rest.

To view and witness were admitted first.

From every land, paid their the quiet street—

A slight sigh;

All rose silent; but all thoughts were one,

Conceived Humans walked in wisdom,

For all kept silent.

Research the pangs and trials of display

That bourn that swelled in sympathy that day.

And men's eyes;

Burst those plumes, had caused the heads low,

Why it unloosed, in case it might appear

A weak sense.

The awful prospect of a passing grave

Had to a life a mournful end.

A thoughtful gloom—

That reached for deeper than a somber road,

It seemed reality bade the dead,

And took the tomb.

Wreaths were forgotten, and mournful was broided,

Flow like fruits, hate and revenge were crushed

Unexpressed;

Each serious look brough a last farewell,

Whom falling on the tongue forever.

Within the breast.

The sympathies of man for brother man

Are signs and tokens of the bloddest plot;

They bourn that swelled in sympathy that day.

And men's eyes;

Burst those plumes, had caused the heads low,

Why it unloosed, in case it might appear

A weak sense.

The Puzzled Census-Taker.

"Not my boy?"—The Marshal said  
To a lady from over the Rhine;  
And the lady stuck her finger in her mouth,  
And really answered—"Nina!"

"Not my girl?"—The Marshal said  
To the lady from over the Rhine;

And again she stuck her finger in her mouth,  
And really answered—"Nina!"

"Not your son?"—The Marshal said  
To the lady from over the Rhine;

And again she stuck her finger in her mouth,  
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"Not your daughter?"—The Marshal said  
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"Not your wife?"—The Marshal said  
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